



By MICHAEL O'NEILL

Washington, June 14.—As unsettling as the Scarbeck case may be to the State Department's gumshoes, it is highly reassuring to some of us ordinary, fallible mortals. It is even—how shall we say it?—spiritually uplifting.

For the incident proves that the femme fatale, that silk-sheathed beauty draped around a champagne glass at the corner sidewalk cafe, still has not been driven out of the spy business. Despite some admittedly hard times lately, she still pursues her time-honored if not entirely noble calling.

One of the more depressing trends of our time is the way we are all being overrun by machines. What with electronic brains and automation and power lawnmowers and 800,000 other thingamajigs there's practically no place left any more for just an old-fashioned human being.

That power blowout in Manhattan yesterday shows the pitiable state to which machines have reduced us. A couple of transformers go on the blink and the city is filled with chaos. And the people can't even keep cool in the crisis because all the air-conditioners are shut down.

It's the same in the spy business. Nowadays all the big shots think they've got to be scientific—"live modern," as the cigaret ad says—so they've been chucking a lot of their spies in favor of gadgets. All kinds of gadgets, from U-2 planes (temporarily retired) to super-tiny microphones that can be slipped behind embassy seals.

Even Allen W. Dulles, director of the hush-hush Central Intelligence Agency, has coldly shoved aside the beautiful blondes and brunettes in favor of gadgets.

"In this intelligence task," he says, "science, technology, electronics and the aerodynamic and affiliated sciences play a major role. I regret that the days are gone when one could place chief reliance on such tools of collection as the wiles of Mata Hari.

"The beats of an electronic signal have come into their own. It takes some of the gloss out of the profession, but these scientific techniques do add an element of more certainty."

U-2 Does 'Up' Human Affection

Glamour and sex? It had to be that the U-2s collected a lot of Russian secrets—who can blame them?—up to a U-2?

American spies reached into Russia to pick up missile launching and seismic records any explosions that might be about. But who can make heroes out of a bunch of electronic machines that most people can't even understand?

Even the old spies that have been turned up since the war have been mostly all right for the most part. Women may have been involved in the spy game—given H. Klaus Fuchs—but they did not make the class of the famed Mata Hari.

One of the "girls of the Morning" as she was called, was a beautiful blonde, the mistress of ministers and the most subtle and cleverest secret agent of the war.



Allen W. Dulles
 Does he have gal spies?

STATINTL

A Working Spy, and a Good One

As German agent No. H 21, she made her way to the French side of the fighting front and posed as a nurse. With her beauty and winning ways, she captivated the French officers. The coded letters she sent off to what was supposed to be a daughter in Holland were loaded with all sorts of military gossip for the German High Command.

She was finally undone, however, by some unromantic clods with British intelligence, and on Oct. 15, 1917, she smiled, threw kisses to her lawyer and a priest, then bowed down for the first time—under a firing squad's volley.

The mysterious blonde who is supposed to have engineered the downfall of Irvin C. Scarbeck, the second secretary in the American Embassy in Warsaw, apparently used the same basic wiles as her famous predecessor of World War I. But she lacked the grand manner, the subtly effective style, of Mata Hari.

Blackmail Wasn't a Matter for Mata

According to Sen. J. William Fulbright (D-Ark.), she "seduced and then had to 'blackmail' the diplomat to persuade him to part with whatever secrets he could get his hand on. This sort of thing would have been unworthy of Mata Hari, who depended on her wiles alone to worm secrets from her 'friends.'"

But the Russians, at least, have shown that they aren't too high hat to try the old methods if there's a chance they'll work. They've done it even in Moscow. Although it's been all but forgotten, an American embassy driver remembers his own encounter with "the technique."

Master Sgt. Roy A. Rhodes, who was in charge of the embassy motor pool from 1951 to 1953, said he went to a party with some Russians one night, drank too much, apparently passed out and found himself next morning alone in a bedroom with a girl.

Mother Russia Plays on Fatherhood

Later, Rhodes related, the girl invited him to her apartment. When he appeared, two husky Russian agents informed him that the young lady was with child and that the only way he could avoid exposure was to do little jobs for them—in his spare time, that is.

Under the threat, Rhodes did go to work for the Russians, as he put it, and collected some \$2,500 to \$3,000 in fees. For this he was later given an Army court-martial and sentenced to five years in prison.

Dulles hasn't said whether he maintains a stable of Mata Haris of his own. For all the public knows, some of those snappy dancers in the sidewalk cafes of Geneva or Vienna or Paris are CIA agents. We'd like to think so, anyway. It would be terrible if they were all Communists.

Besides, Mata Haris are much nicer than machines.